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The Nameless Yacht

A Case of Mystery of the Sea

By F. A. MITCHEL

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There have been two cases of ships discovered in good condition, but deserted by their crews. One was found on the open sea under sail, the other at anchor on a coast. Three two are all that thus far have been recorded.

It remains for me to record a third. I am a gentleman of leisure given to yachting. I am fond of cruising on my yacht either with a party of friends or a single male companion. During the last season I started from the New York Yacht club's dock at New York for a cruise eastward along the coast. I put in at several places on the route—New London, Marblehead, Portland and other ports—for fresh table supplies, then steamed on, intending to enter the St. Lawrence river and visit the Thousand Islands.

We met a number of yachts, for it was in the season, and yachtsmen are prone in hot weather to occupy the cooler regions of the northeastern coast. One evening while steaming across one of those beautiful bays that indent the rocky coast of Maine we saw near the shore a steam yacht riding at anchor within a cable's length of the shore.

Alec Wingate was with me on this cruise. Alec was the son of a British baronet and had domestic troubles. He had married the daughter of a colonel in the English army, a very beautiful girl, who, after a couple of years of married life during which she and her husband had lived very happily together, suddenly disappeared. Whether she had been kidnapped or had gone off with a lover no one could tell. There was no evidence, at least none that any one had ever got hold of, to point in either of these directions. The only other theory was that she had been murdered. Wingate had hunted for her all over the world and had come to America for the purpose. I had met him and, having taken a liking to him, begged him to divert his mind from his loss by going on a cruise with me.

Our course lay near enough to the anchored yacht to enable us to see with glasses what she was; that is, we could have seen any flag, people or other distinguishing marks. But there were neither people nor flags. She was a steamer yacht, but no smoke was being emitted from her stack. Her stern was at one time toward us, and what was my astonishment to see no name on her.

We slowed up, expecting every minute to see some one appear on the deck, but after waiting half an hour without any one appearing it began to look as if either a party had gone ashore from her for some purpose or she had been deserted. The first of these theories was not very likely correct. In the first place at least one member of the crew would have been left in charge, and in the second this was a perfectly wild coast, and there could be no object for any party to go ashore unless for water.

I gave orders to steam up along side the nameless yacht. The hour was about 7 in the evening, and a fine dinner was set in the cabin. A fire was burning in the galley. Every boat belonging to the yacht was in its place. In the lockers in the after part of the vessel were articles of male and female wearing apparel, the latter indicating that ladies had been aboard.

And here the mystery changes from those sea secrets I have mentioned, or, rather, another mystery is added. Alec Wingate recognized a dress contained in a rosewood locker as one that had belonged to his wife. He at once became wild with varying emotions. There was pleasure at this evidence that his wife at least had been recently alive. There was bitterness lest she might have been living on this yacht with a paramour. There was fear lest though she had so recently lived, she had met with some misfortune.

To allay this excitement I told Wingate that he might easily be mistaken in the dress. But he said that it was the one in which he had most liked to see his wife arrayed and the only one of her wardrobe that he would surely recognize.

We went through the yacht from stem to stern looking for some explanation of the mystery. Every stateroom, every receptacle, was ransacked. The firebox door stood partly open, and I looked in to see if materials had been put in to light a new fire. The old fire was still smoldering. The only thing we discovered was that the yacht had undoubtedly been made in England. All the maker's marks on the finishing and furniture were English. The upholstery had been purchased of a well known upholsterer in London.

Having satisfied ourselves that there was no one aboard, we left "the nameless" and returned to our own vessel. I induced Wingate to sit down to dinner—he would eat nothing—and discuss the matter. He wanted to go ashore the next day and search the coast. This seemed to me a useless expenditure of time. I had come out for a cruise and did not like the prospect of waiting while a search party

bear the beach in a desolate country where there was nothing but wild moose or caribou. But Wingate suggested that the party on the nameless might have gone ashore for hunting purposes, and I at last consented that the next day he might take three of the crew, go ashore and spend twelve hours in looking for the deserters of the yacht.

But overnight something occurred to render this undesirable. We set a light on "the nameless" and left one man to watch on our own vessel, which was all that was necessary since we were at anchor in a small bay in good weather. One man watched till eight bells, midnight, when another man took his place. Wingate wished me to put a man on "the nameless," and I did.

At two bells in the morning Wingate, who had slept little during the night, looked out of the porthole in his stateroom for the yacht. Not seeing her and supposing that he was not on the right side to see her, he got up and went on deck. "The nameless" was nowhere to be seen. He came to my room to announce the fact. I asked him what the watch reported about the disappearance, and he said that he had found the man sound asleep.

Putting on a bath robe, I went on deck. The first watch said that "the nameless" was in position when he was relieved, so she must have pulled out during the second watch. I asked if anything was known of the man who had been stationed on her, but was told that he had neither been heard of nor seen since he had been put aboard. He had disappeared with the mysterious vessel.

Among my crew there were several ignorant, superstitious men—sailors of low rating—who were paralyzed with terror. They rushed without orders to pull up the anchor, but I stopped them, though I feared they were going to bring me with captain bars they had taken up. I didn't propose to take any action till I had received further information and had consulted with my guest, Alec Wingate. One of my men said that during the night he thought he heard the sound of oars.

Wingate was very much agitated over this part of the mystery. Indeed, he seemed more disturbed at the disappearance than he had been at the discovery of the yacht. I suggested that he make a reconnoitering trip ashore, as had been intended, but with a different purpose. He might find traces of people having been there. He followed my advice, but the keenest eye in the party could discover no indications of human beings. For my part I believed "the nameless" had been taken possession of by shore desperadoes; that they had been in hiding somewhere near by; had gone aboard in the night, surprised the man on watch, killed him and towed the yacht out of our hearing with muffled oars; then they had lighted the fires and steamed away. There was nothing against this theory except the fact of Wingate's having found one of his wife's dresses aboard. But I took no stock in this, for Wingate had suffered so much at her loss that probably his mind had become afflicted and he had himself created the remembrance of this dress.

After consultation with Wingate, whom I told that I would adopt any course he wished, it was determined that we get up the anchor immediately and go out to the open sea with a view to discovering if "the nameless" was in sight. This we did, running directly southeast in a direct line from the coast, but notwithstanding that we had a clean sweep either way and excellent glasses we saw nothing of her. I believed she had got too much start, but nearly all of my crew by this time considered her a phantom.

Nor did we afterward hear anything of her, though we spoke every vessel we met, asking if she had been seen. One vessel described her pretty well, but the yacht observed was the Acadia, with the name painted on her stern. We completed our voyage without any other information.

But the mystery of "the nameless" was destined to be solved. During the winter Wingate got wind of his wife's being in Montreal. He went there and found her.

Though the story of her disappearance was never made entirely clear to me, the mystery of the nameless yacht was. To keep Mrs. Wingate from testifying in litigation where British people in high life were concerned she had been kidnapped and kept at sea in a yacht. Her kidnaper while on the New England coast saw by a New York social paper that her husband had embarked on a cruise with me. As soon as my yacht appeared his sailing master recognized her. At the time a leak in the boilers was being repaired, and there was no heat in the firebox, so the yacht could not steam away.

The kidnaper, supposing Wingate knew that his wife was on the Acadia and that he was on her track, ordered a paint brush to be run over her painting.

An idea occurred to him. There was at the time no one aboard but himself, an engineer and his captive. He drugged the captive, carried her into the firebox, and got in there with her. The engineer got in also, and the party, two on one side of the door and one on the other, were hidden from view of any one looking straight into the box, especially as there was very little light there. They all stayed in this concealment until we left the yacht and returned where we went our watch aboard. During the night they surprised, gagged and tied him; then, having cut the cable, the two men got in the dingy and with muffled oars pulled out of hearing. To get up steam and speed away was the next move. The Acadia, being one of the fastest English yachts, was soon at a safe distance.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Beavers Build Better Dam Than Engineers

LAKE THEY HAVE FORMED AT STANHOPE (N. J.) ENHANCES VALUE OF COTTAGERS' PROPERTY.

Beavers have just finished making a lake at Stanhope, N. J., and cottagers who went down there for Thanksgiving report that the addition has so beautified the landscape, that their property is worth at least 50 per cent more than it was at the end of the summer vacation.

They had themselves tried to do something in this line of improvement, but the project on which they prided themselves a few months ago was a pigmy affair by comparison, and every cottager now takes off his hat to the superior skill of the paddle-tail artists who have been seen at work.

Plans to make an Arcadia of Stanhope included a large sheet of water in place of the half acre puddle which the beavers had impounded by means of a dam. Everybody chipped in to pay landscape engineers to go and lay the thing out.

Expert opinion was unanimous that the beavers had shown good judgment in locating the dam and that the desired result might be obtained by erecting a higher barrier on the same site. So the beaver dam came down to make room for an ornate structure of stone and concrete. The bill was large, but the summer colony thought the improvement worth the money.

While the cottages remained open the beavers lay low, but as soon as they were closed work began on another beaver dam below the creation of the engineers. It had to be higher to hold the overflow and in so building it the human dam was gradually submerged. There is now two feet of water over it.

The new beaver dam, however, has enchaind enough water to make a real lake, while the engineers had provided little more than an ornamental pond. It also looks as if nature had put it there. The other was plainly artificial.

HOWDY COLONEL MORNING MAJOR

COMPLAINT IS BEING MADE THAT TITLES ARE BECOMING TOO COMMON AND THAT THEY ARE LIABLE TO LOSE WEIGHT IF THING CONTINUES.

Some time ago a commercial traveler who has been making this city and vicinity for many years and who has been traveling over the United States for the past score of years, remarked that he never was in any place this side of the Mason and Dixon line where so many men were addressed with titles.

This statement was well illustrated last evening, when a gentleman stepped into the Marietta hotel and spoke to five men talking together, thusly: "Good evening, Judge, Colonel, Doctor, Captain and Mister Blank." That was some titles and every mother's son of them had won their titles, two in the war, one at a medical college, while the other one had got his on the bench. The most peculiar part of the incident was that the plain "Mister" was the most distinguished looking man of them all and was by far the largest in height and by birth.

The traveling man in speaking of the many titled gentlemen in Fairmont for a middle State, said that years ago he was in a town near Lexington, Kentucky, when a Yankee stuck his head in the writing room of the hotel and said, "Come over to the bar, Colonel, and have a drink." The twelve local citizens sitting in the room arose and went into the liquid joy department.

"But," concluded the commercial man, "the day of colonels by honor only are fast passing away and the next generation will not know what that great title of respect implied shortly after the war between the States, when men were so called by their friends because they respected and honored them and every time they were so addressed by their juniors in years it was paying a tribute to them."

"It will be only a question of time until the title of colonel will be heard applied to men who have been given it by army service."

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Ella Clara Watkins vs. Harry Melvel Watkins—Chancery.

Summons.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA. To the Sheriff of Marion county, Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Harry Melvel Watkins, to appear before the Judge of the Intermediate Court of Marion county, at rules to be held in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the first Monday in November, 1910, to answer a bill in chancery exhibited against him in said Court by Ella Clara Watkins.

And have then there this writ.

Witness, W. S. Black, Clerk of said Court, at Court House in said county, the 17th day of October, 1910, and 48th year of the State.

SHOOTING GALLERY TO OPEN ON MONDAY.

Messrs. Kimmel & Knight will open up the "K. & K." shooting gallery next Monday. They are located just below the Postoffice, under a new water proof tent, banked at the bottom, heated by gas and well lighted by electricity. Plenty of room for all and you are invited to be present on the opening night.

A BAD COLD IS EASILY BROKEN

SURELY CURES A COLD AND ENDS GRIPPE MISERY IN A FEW HOURS.

There is not one grain of quinine in Pape's Cold Compound, which, when taken every two hours, until three consecutive doses are taken, will surely end the gripe and break up the most severe cold, either in the head, chest, back, stomach or limbs.

It promptly relieves the most miserable neuralgia pains, headache, dizziness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, catarrhal affections, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges.

Pape's Cold Compound is the result of three years' research at a cost of more than fifty thousand dollars, and contains no quinine, which we have conclusively demonstrated is not effective in the treatment of colds or gripe.

Take this harmless Compound as directed, with the knowledge that there is no other medicine made anywhere else in the world which will cure your cold or end Gripe misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 25 cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist in the world can supply.

Hemstitching.

Hemstitching, pretty as it is, is tiresome work when done by hand. It may, however, be accomplished on the machine, by using the following directions:

Draw all the threads first, and baste the hem, the edge coming through the center of the drawn threads. Loosen the tension of the machine and stitch the hem on the very edge. Remove the basting threads, hold the material in both hands and draw the body of the garment away from the hem. This hemstitching has exactly the appearance of handwork.

\$3.50 RECIPE CURES

WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$2.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K1720 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. Sands Jackson, deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Intermediate Court of the County of Marion, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of said decedent to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said decedent for adjudication to Harry Shaw, Commissioner at his office in the said county, on or before the 31st day of December, 1910, next.

Witness, W. S. Black, Clerk of said Court, this 11th day of November, 1910.

W. S. BLACK, CLERK.

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